

Would you look at my boy with his girl by Yowowwhatstrangethings

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Summary:

So this one is Karen finding the cuties all asleep in the basement cause good god it's so cute

Would you look at my boy with his girl

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Karen Wheeler loved her kids. With every fiber of her being, she loved them.

So that meant that her day pretty much revolved around taking care of them. From breakfast in the morning to dinner at night.

She didn't mind the way her life was going most days. In fact, she rather enjoyed caring for others.

Today was not one of those days.

There wasn't anything particularly terrible about today, but it just seemed that every small thing that could've gone wrong went wrong. Not any one thing was absolutely awful, but the mix of everything was giving Karen one of the worst migraines of her entire life.

The day started early for her, but the eggs she was making for her kiddos got burned when she turned to search for eggos in her fridge. There were none to be seen, which was surprising since she had just bought more two days before. When she asked Mike about it, he shrugged nonchalantly before scarfing down a bite of the burnt eggs, his face scrunching up slightly.

She decided it wasn't worth the fight. She could always get more eggos.

Of course every thought of boxed waffles flew straight out the window when she heard a terrible hacking cough coming from the stairwell. Nancy emerged, looking bedraggled and snotty as she blew her nose into a tissue.

Karen knew from one look that Nancy would not be going to school today.

As the day moved along, it seemed everything seemed to be against her. But in subtle ways, such as the thermometer she was using to

check Nancy's temperature being broken. Or the pills flying everywhere when she went to get her some cold medicine. Small things that wouldn't bother her had they happened on separate days, but just kept happening all at once, seeming to pile one on top of another.

By the time dinner rolled around, she was exhausted. She'd needed to cook a little extra since Mike was having a movie night tonight. She was really grateful for his friends, because all she wanted for her son was happiness. This past year had been hard for him. He was lashing out and sad and she was starting to get worried when he suddenly did a 180. His grades started coming back up and there was a relieving lack of phone calls from his school.

She had a good feeling it had something to do with the new addition to the dinner table that had appeared shortly after Mike's sudden switch. The small, quiet girl seemed to startle easily and she spoke in jumpy sentences sometimes, but Karen had never seen Mike so patient and kind before. He seemed to understand her without needing to hear her speak. Sometimes when they had all gathered around the dinner table, she would say something that didn't seem to make a whole lot of sense, but then would he speak up in a way that made it feel like he was translating for her. It made her heart warm to see her boy so in tune with somebody else.

She couldn't help thinking about this when she walked downstairs to see the light of the new tv they had installed down there shining on the group of children. They were scattered about the basement, some on the couch while others were on the floor. She spotted Max sprawled upside down on the couch, her red hair brushing the floor as she breathed gently. Lucas was on the ground beneath her, his head leaned back against her shoulder, and his legs spread out in front of him.

Dustin, for some reason, was at the bottom of the stairs, almost hanging off of them with his feet hooked steadily around one of the bars that help up the side of the staircase. Will was curled up in a ball close to Lucas' feet, hugging some paper to his chest.

She frowned when she realized she couldn't see her son. She carefully stepped over Dustin, gazing around the basement before spotting his feet sticking out from under the blanket fort he always had up. She

smiled to herself when she got a better view and noticed that he wasn't alone. Jane, who Mike insisted on calling El, was pressed up against him with her arms around his waist and her head on his chest, their legs tangled together.

Honestly, it was one of the cutest damn things she had ever seen in her life.

This, right here, was all she had wanted. She had never seen him looking so content in years. He just looked happy, even when he was sleeping. She didn't even know what to think, but she knew she'd have to thank Jane for making him so happy.

She approached quietly, trying not to wake anyone up. She kneeled carefully in front of the fort and reached in to gently brush Mike's hair away from his face. He stirred and opened his eyes in confusion. It seemed to take him a moment to remember where he was as he glanced around, focusing on the girl in his arms and then on his mother's face. He seemed slightly alarmed as he gaped at her and lifted his arms high. He seemed torn between wanting to jump quickly to his feet and wanting to let Jane sleep.

Karen spoke quietly and quickly, "Honey, its getting late. Your friends might need to leave soon."

Mike still looked trapped as he glanced quickly between her and Jane, almost panicky in his indecision.

Karen decided to throw him a lifeline, "Here's what I'm gonna do. All of your friends have spent the night here before, and I hate having to wake you kids up, so I'm going to call all their parents and check with them to see if it's okay that they stay the night. Normally, I would never allow the girls to stay the night, but seeing as they both seem to be dead asleep, I'm willing to make an exception."

Mike seemed to deflate as he relaxed, glad not to have to wake up his girl.

Karen smiled when she thought that. His girl. Her boy had a girl.

"Thanks, mom." Mike smiled broadly at her.

She smiled back, getting up to go make the calls. When she looked back from the stairs, she saw Mike tighten his grip on the brunette and place a gentle kiss to the top of her head.

Karen almost died right then. Her nerdy little boy and his Jane may just be one of the cutest things she had ever seen.

Jane. She started to think back about the peculiar nickname her son had used. El. It seemed odd, seeing as there wasn't really a way to get El out of Jane. But the more she thought about it, the more she realized that Jane did not seem to like being called Jane. She would flinch back ever so slightly every time she said it.

After making the phone calls to the parents, and after reassuring the chief multiple times that Jane was safe and sound, she began gathering blankets and pillows to take downstairs. Mike was passed out again by the time she made it back, and she smiled yet again at the cute picture. She covered everyone with a blanket and doled out pillows to those who needed them. When she was tucking a blanket around Mike and Jane's shoulders, the girl opened her eyes ever so slightly and blinked at her.

Karen couldn't resist smoothing her hair down and saying, "I already talked to the chief. You can stay here for the night. Go on back to sleep."

She nodded at her ever so slightly and said in a whisper, "Night Mrs. Wheeler."

Karen smiled yet again and said, "Good night, El."

El blinked before beaming at the nickname. She buried her nose into Mike's chest and closed her eyes once more, falling asleep again.

Karen stood yet again and thought about how good this girl was for her boy. Her boy, who seemed to be growing up so fast right in front of her eyes. He already had four great friends, and of course he had his girl and they just seemed to adore each other.

No, that wasn't right.

He had his El. And that seemed to make all the difference to Karen

Wheeler.

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